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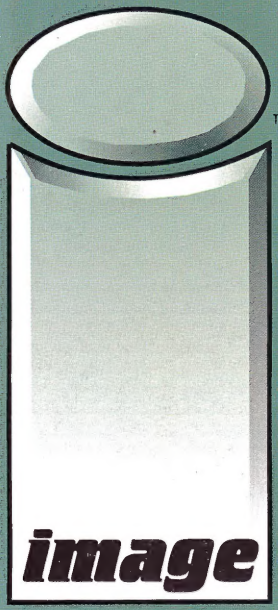

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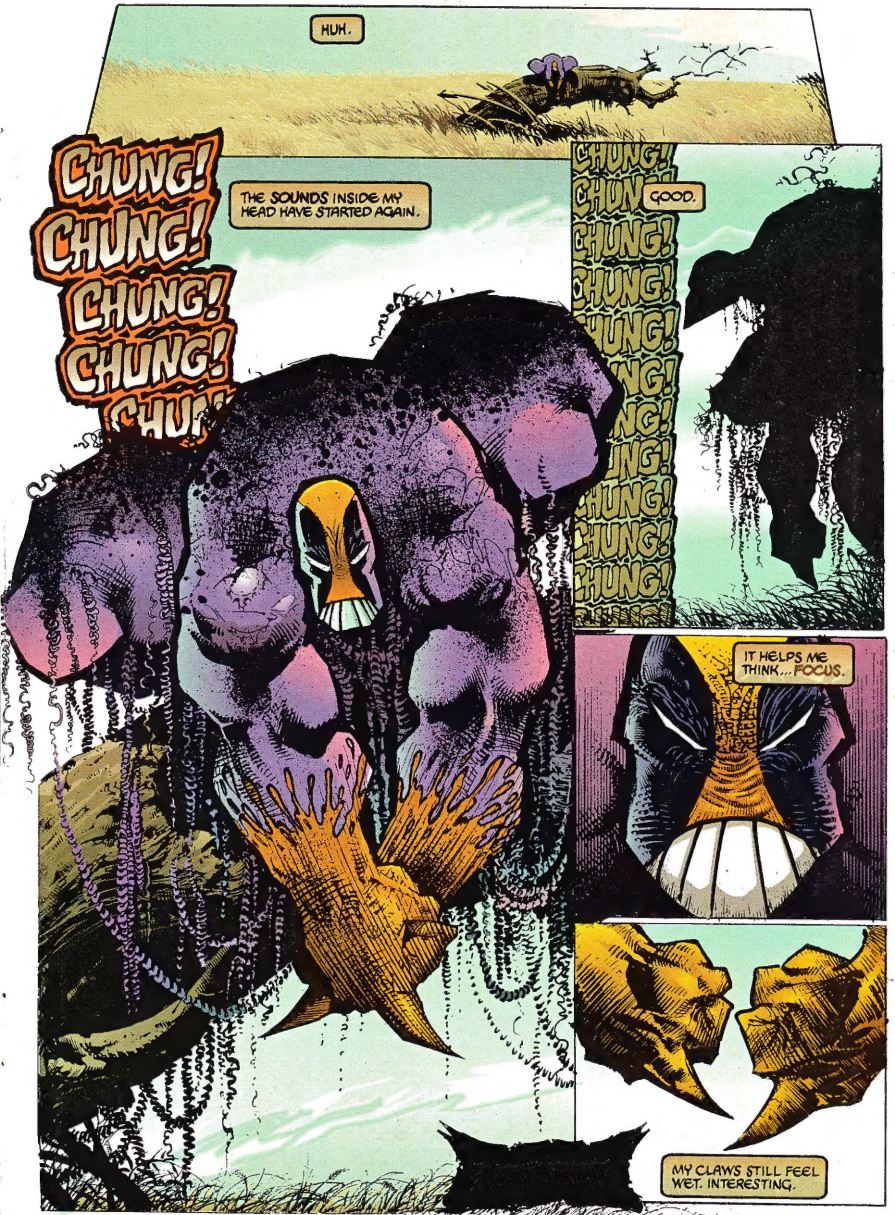
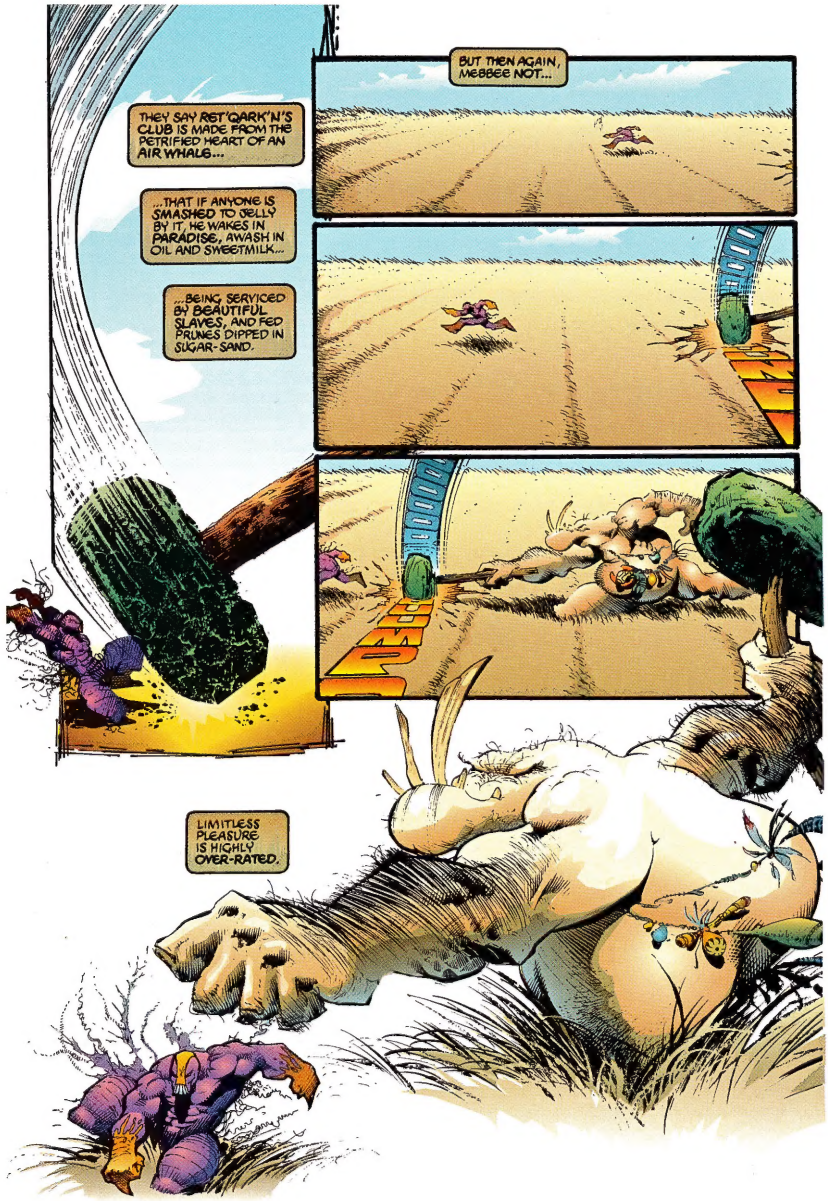
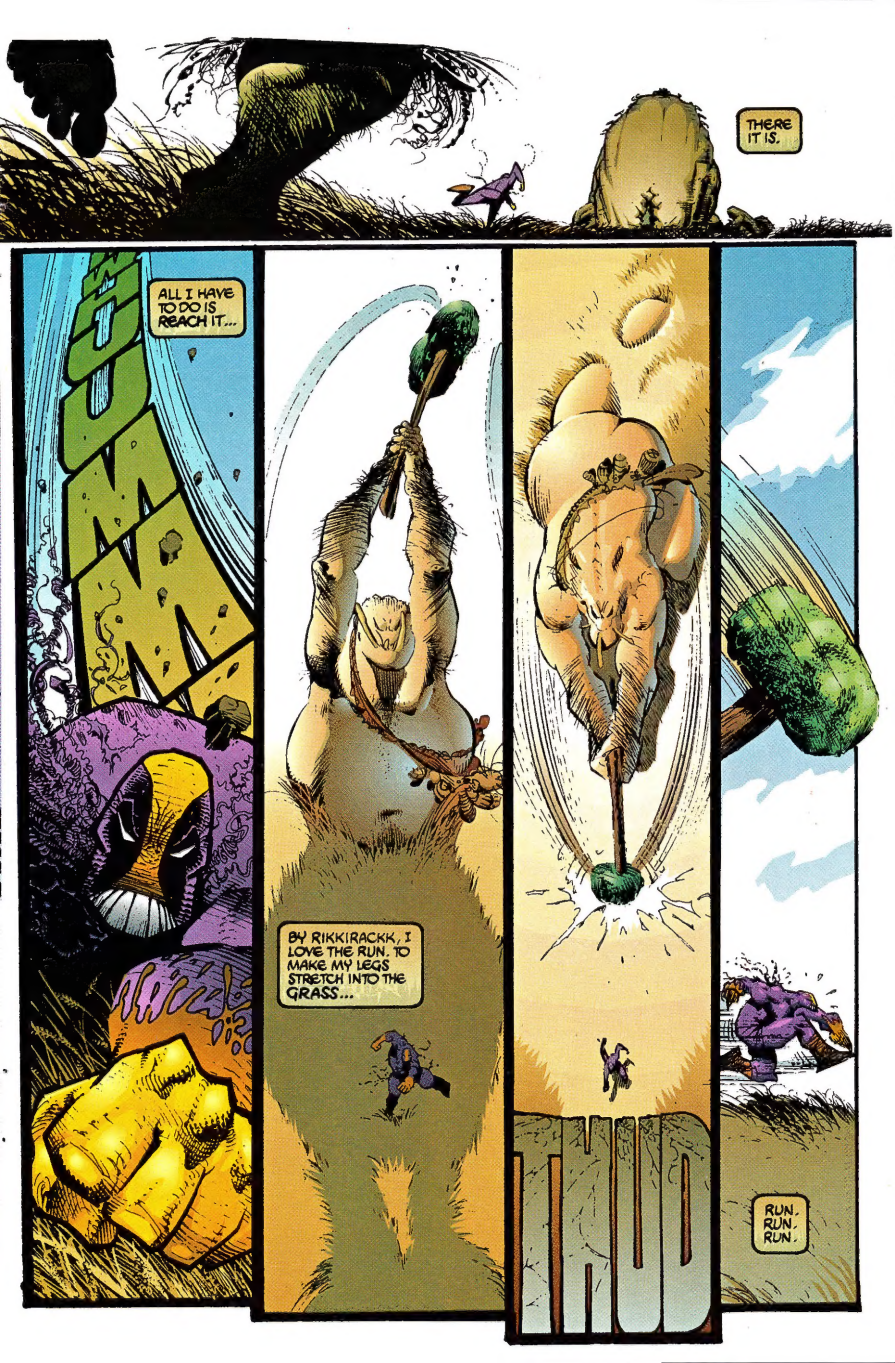
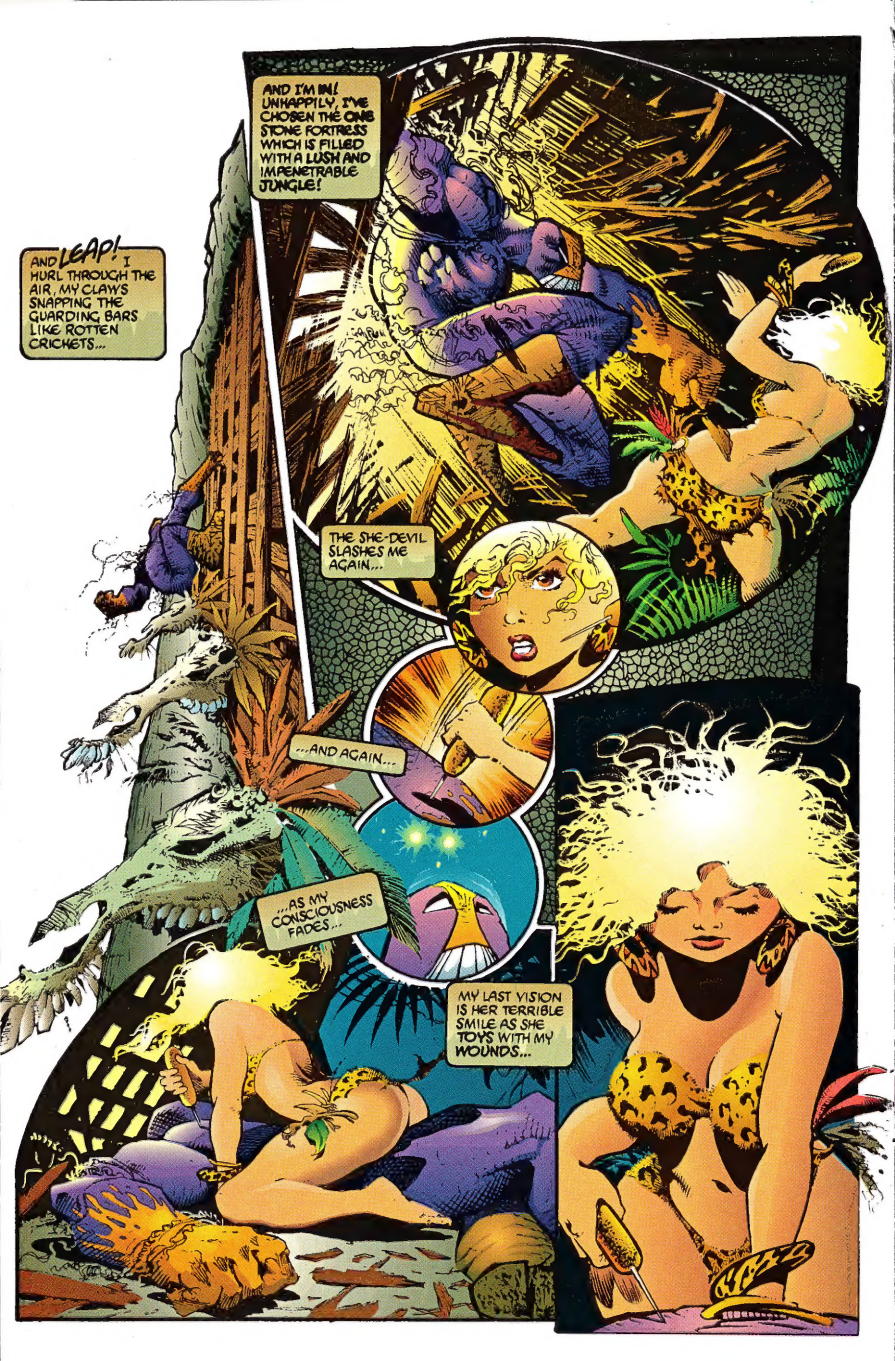

HUH.
CHUNG!
CHUNG!
CHUNG!
CHUNG!
THE SOUNDS INSIDE MY HEAD HAVE STARTED AGAIN.
GOOD.
IT HELPS ME THINK... FOCUS.
MY CLAWS STILL FEEL WET. INTERESTING.

SOMEONE COMING... SOMEONE DANGEROUS. I CAN SMELL THE SWEATING LEATHER AND PEPPERMINT.
CHUNG!
CHUNG!
OUT HERE EVERYTHING'S VILE AND FILLED WITH HATRED LIKE AN INFECTED BOIL.
BUT I CAN HIDE. I'M GOOD AT THAT.
I RECOGNIZE HIM. HIS NAME'S RET'QARK'N... ONE OF THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE. GOD CLAN. REALLY MEAN.

I CAN HEAR THE EMPTY WIND PUNISHING THE GRASS... SOMEWHERE A BIRD IS SCREAMING...
BEING NEAR DEATH ALWAYS AFFECTS ME... MAKES MY SENSES SHARPER...
UNFORTUNATELY, RET'GARK'N ALWAYS HAS LUCK ON HIS SIDE. LUCK AND CLUMSINESS.
YIKE.


THEY SAY RET'QARK'N'S CLUB IS MADE FROM THE PETRIFIED HEART OF AN AIR WHALE...
...THAT IF ANYONE IS SMASHED TO JELLY BY IT, HE WAKES IN PARADISE, AWASH IN OIL AND SWEETMILK...
...BEING SERVICED BY BEAUTIFUL SLAVES, AND FED PRUNES DIPPED IN SUGAR-SAND.
BUT THEN AGAIN, MEBBEE NOT...
THUD!
LIMITLESS PLEASURE IS HIGHLY OVER-RATED.


THERE IT IS.
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS REACH IT...
DUMK
BY RIKKIRACKK, I LOVE THE RUN. TO MAKE MY LEGS STRETCH INTO THE GRASS...
THUD
RUN. RUN. RUN.


AND I'M IN! UNHAPPILY, I'VE CHOSEN THE ONE STONE FORTRESS WHICH IS FILLED WITH A LUSH AND IMPENETRABLE JUNGLE!
AND LEAP! I HURL THROUGH THE AIR, MY CLAWS SNAPPING THE GUARDING BARS LIKE ROTTEN CRICKETS...
THE SHE-DEVIL SLASHES ME AGAIN...
...AND AGAIN...
...AS MY CONSCIOUSNESS FADES...
MY LAST VISION IS HER TERRIBLE SMILE AS SHE TOYS WITH MY WOUNDS...

HE ALWAYS COMES BACK HERE ALL WASTED...
...AND I'VE GOTTA CLEAN'M UP AN' SEDATE 'IM.
I MEAN, ALL THESE GUYS WHO LIVE ONNA STREET HAVE IT TOUGH, BUT JUST THE BANDAGES AN' REPAIRIN' MY WINDOWS IS BREAKIN' ME.
AN' HE SURE AIN'T GRATEFUL!
OR SCREAMIN' OUT MY WINDOWS 'BOUT "GOD CLANS" AN' "PEPPERMINT"!
NOPE. IN A COUPLE'A HOURS HE'LL BE UP AND SETTIN' OFF MY FIRE ALARM...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS 'BOUT HIM. HE SURE AIN'T CUTE!
BUT I CAN'T HELP WONDERIN' WHAT HE USTA BE...WHAT KINDA UNIFORM THOSE RAGS WERE ...?
MEBBE HE'S ONE'A THOSE YOUNGBLOODS? THAT'D BE COOL. OR AN AMNESIAC ROCK STAR, COOLER STILL.
ONE THING F'R STONE SURE...IF I DON'T GET HIS HEAD STRAIGHT SOON, THE BOY'S GONNA GET ME EVICTED!

eventually,

everyone will be able to buy skins and bones at their local dealer. If they ask. Of course, it's just possible you think any old bag or back-board or divider will keep your comics perfect for years.

It's also possible if you wrestled a rhino with your bare hands, you'd win.

WIZARD PROGARD AUTHENTIC™

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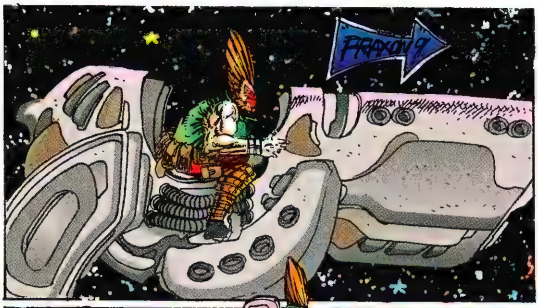
BLOOD WULF

PRAXON 9 LAST O' THE PRAXON MOONS.

USED TO BE THE BIGGEST TRADE PLANET THIS SIDE O' THE GALAXY BEFORE THEY WENT TO WAR.

EMPEROR PRAXON PROMISED EACH OF HIS NINE SONS ONE PLANET BEFORE HE DIED.

BIG MISTAKE.



THEY'VE BEEN KILLIN' EACH OTHER EVER SINCE.

YOU CAN'T EVEN *LAND* WITHOUT TOP SECURITY CLEARANCE.

LUCKY FOR ME I INTERCEPTED THAT ***COURIER*** EN ROUTE TO PRAXON.

NOW I'M MAKIN' LIKE THE DELIVERY BOY. 'CEPT IT'S NOT QUITE THE PACKAGE THEY'RE EXPECTIN'.

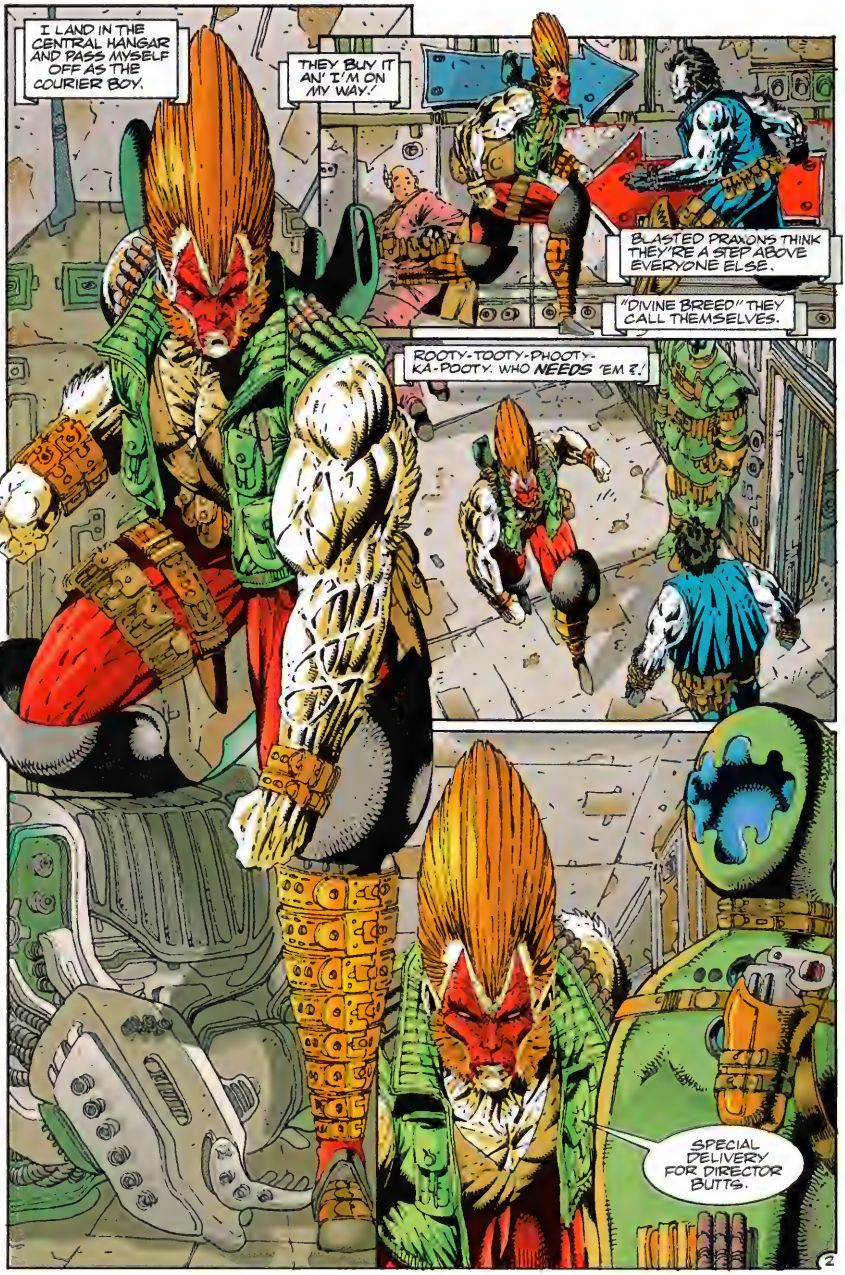
Y'SEE, TWO O' THE EMPEROR'S SONS INSULTED MY GRAN'MA.

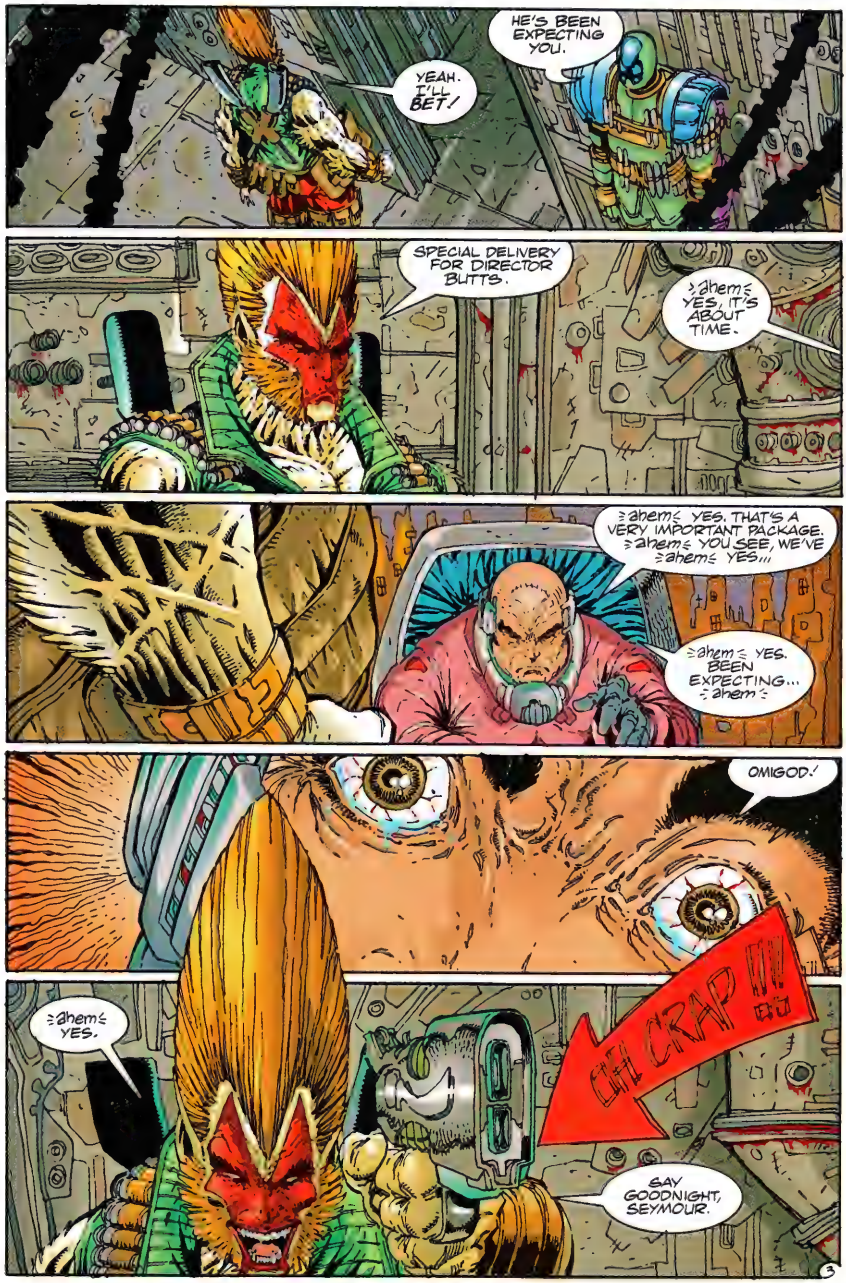
MISTAKE NUMERO ***UNO***... I MEAN YOU CAN INSULT ME. I GOT THICK SKIN I CAN ***TAKE*** IT.

BUT IF YOU INSULT GRAN'MA BLOODWULF, YOU'RE TAKIN' YER LIFE IN YER OWN HANDS.

SO, I'M GONNA PAY PRIME ADMINISTRATIVE DIRECTOR BUTTS A ***PERSONAL*** VISIT.

HE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT ***HIT*** 'IM.'


I LAND IN THE CENTRAL HANGAR AND PASS MYSELF OFF AS THE COURIER BOY.
THEY BUY IT AN' I'M ON MY WAY.'
BLASTED PRAXONS THINK THEY'RE A STEP ABOVE EVERYONE ELSE.
"DIVINE BREED" THEY CALL THEMSELVES.
ROOTY-TOOTY-PHOOTY-KA-POOTY. WHO NEEDS 'EM?.'
SPECIAL DELIVERY FOR DIRECTOR BUTTS.


HE'S BEEN EXPECTING YOU.
YEAH. I'LL BET.
SPECIAL DELIVERY FOR DIRECTOR BUTTS.
>ahem< YES, IT'S ABOUT TIME.
>ahem< YES. THAT'S A VERY IMPORTANT PACKAGE. >ahem< YOU SEE, WE'VE >ahem< YES...
>ahem< YES. BEEN EXPECTING... >ahem<
OMIGOD!
OH CRAP !!!
>ahem< YES.
SAY GOODNIGHT, SEYMOUR.

DOOM'S IV™

ROB LIEFELD • MARK PACELLA

JUNE '93

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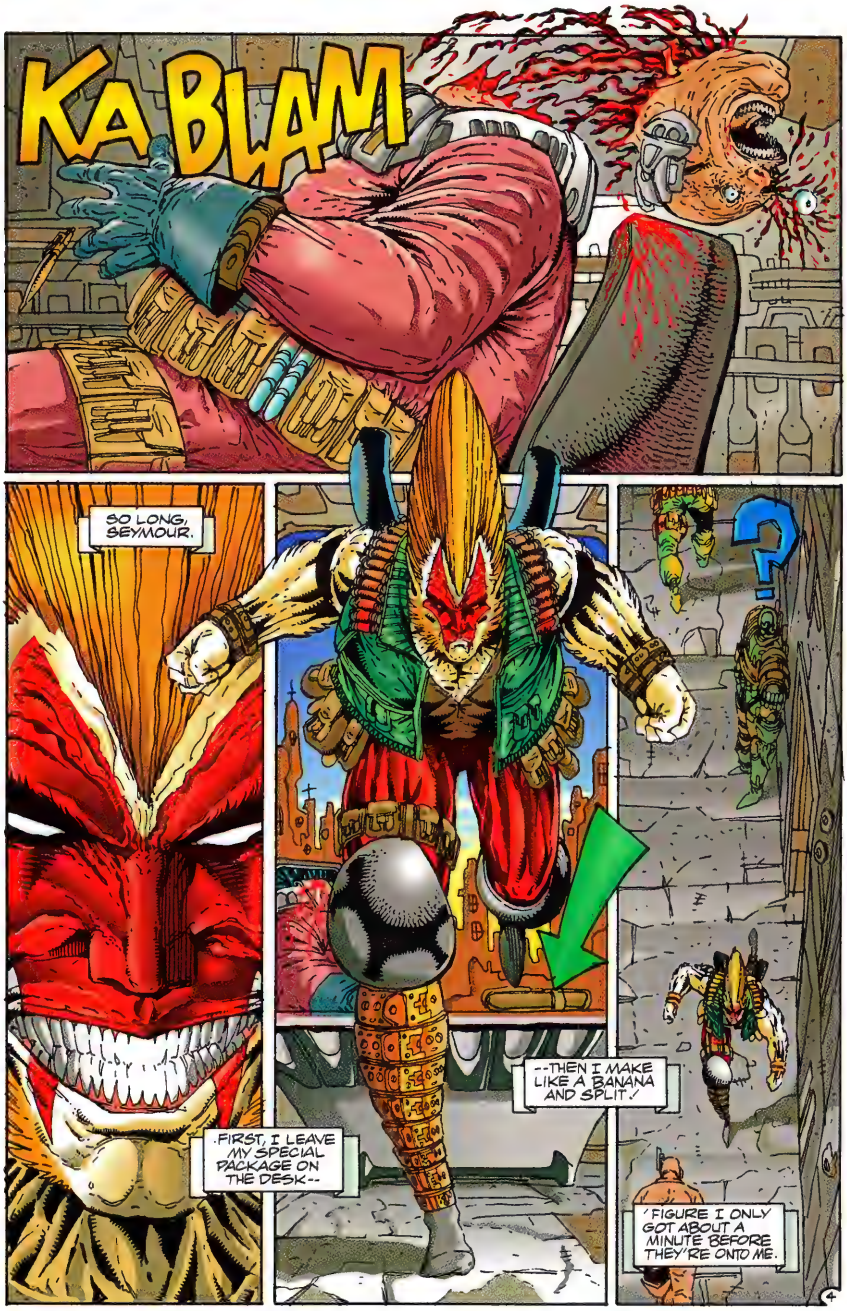
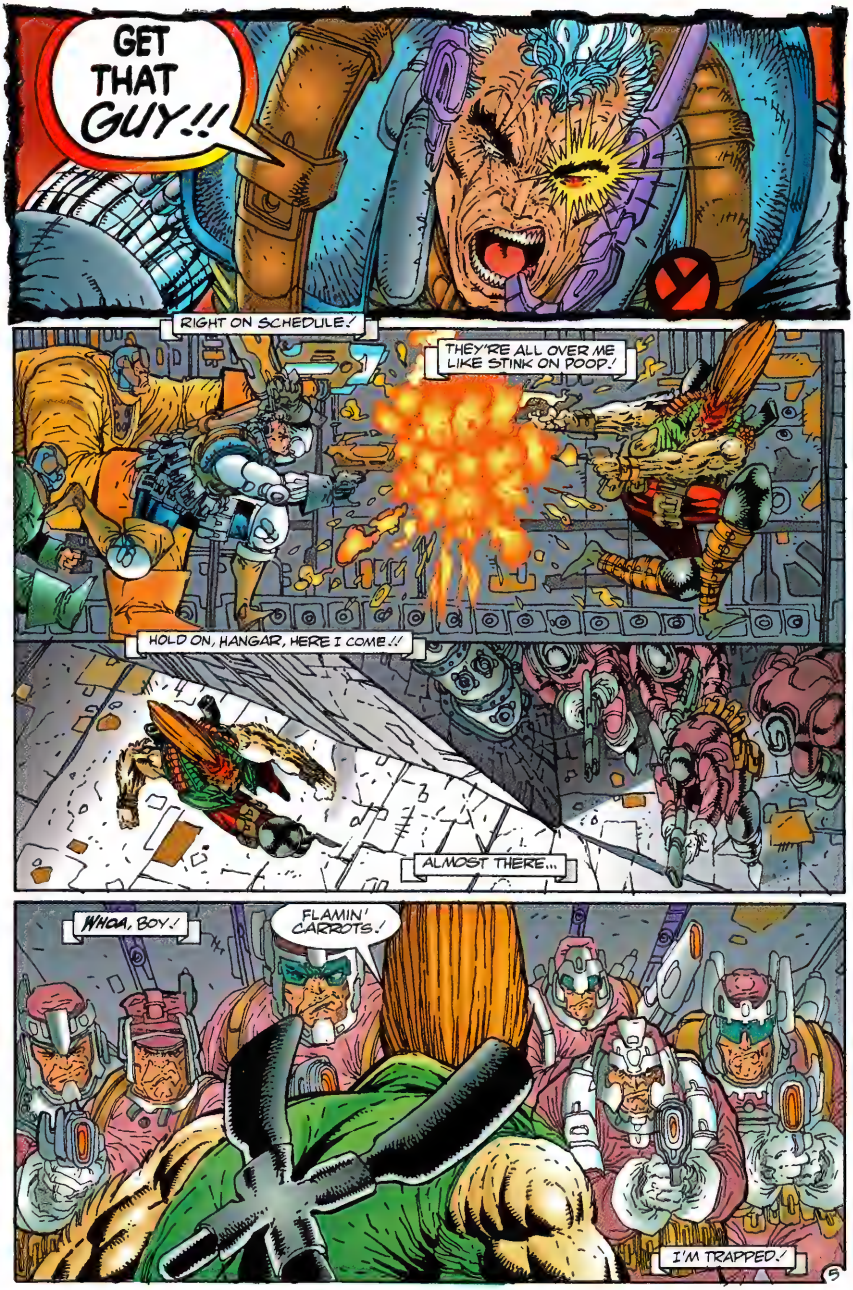
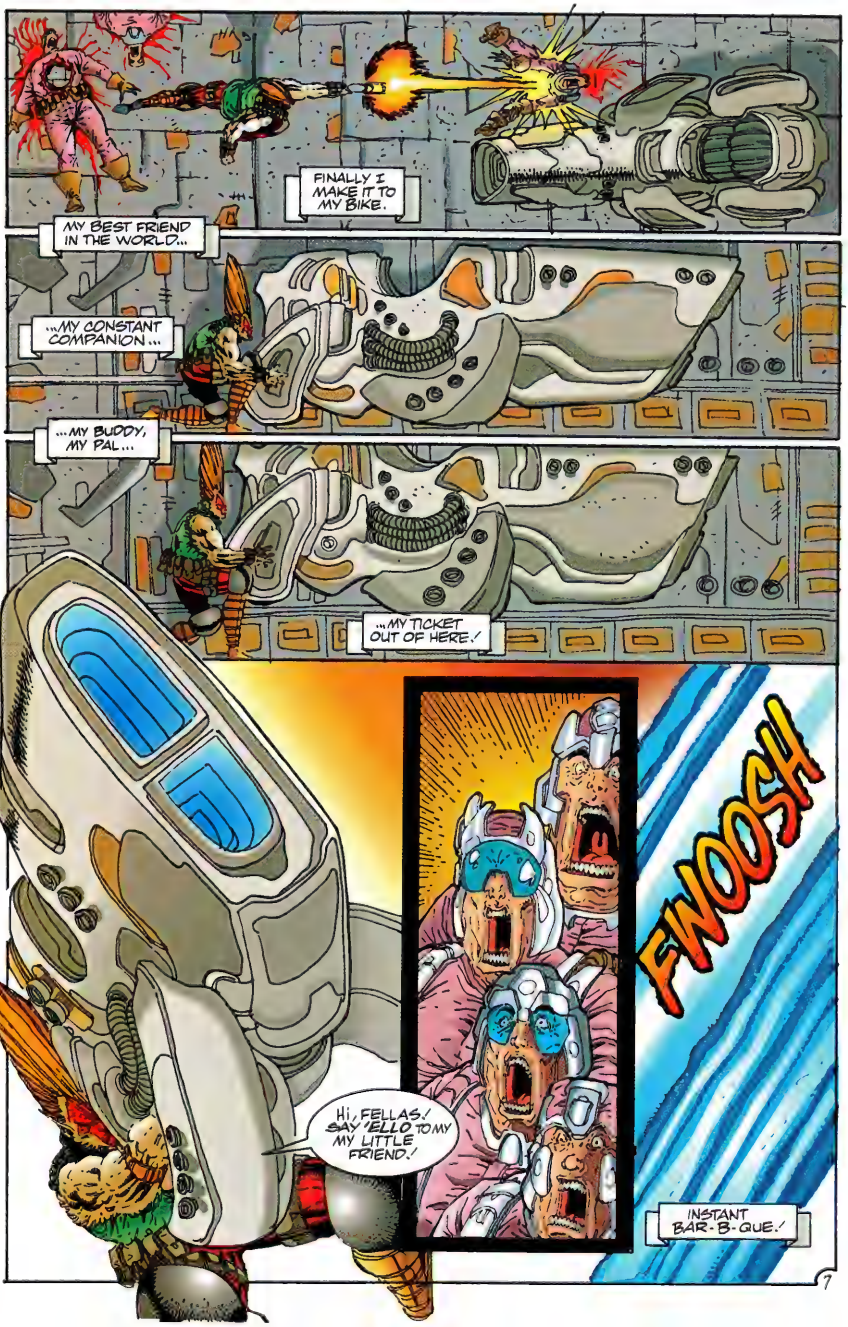
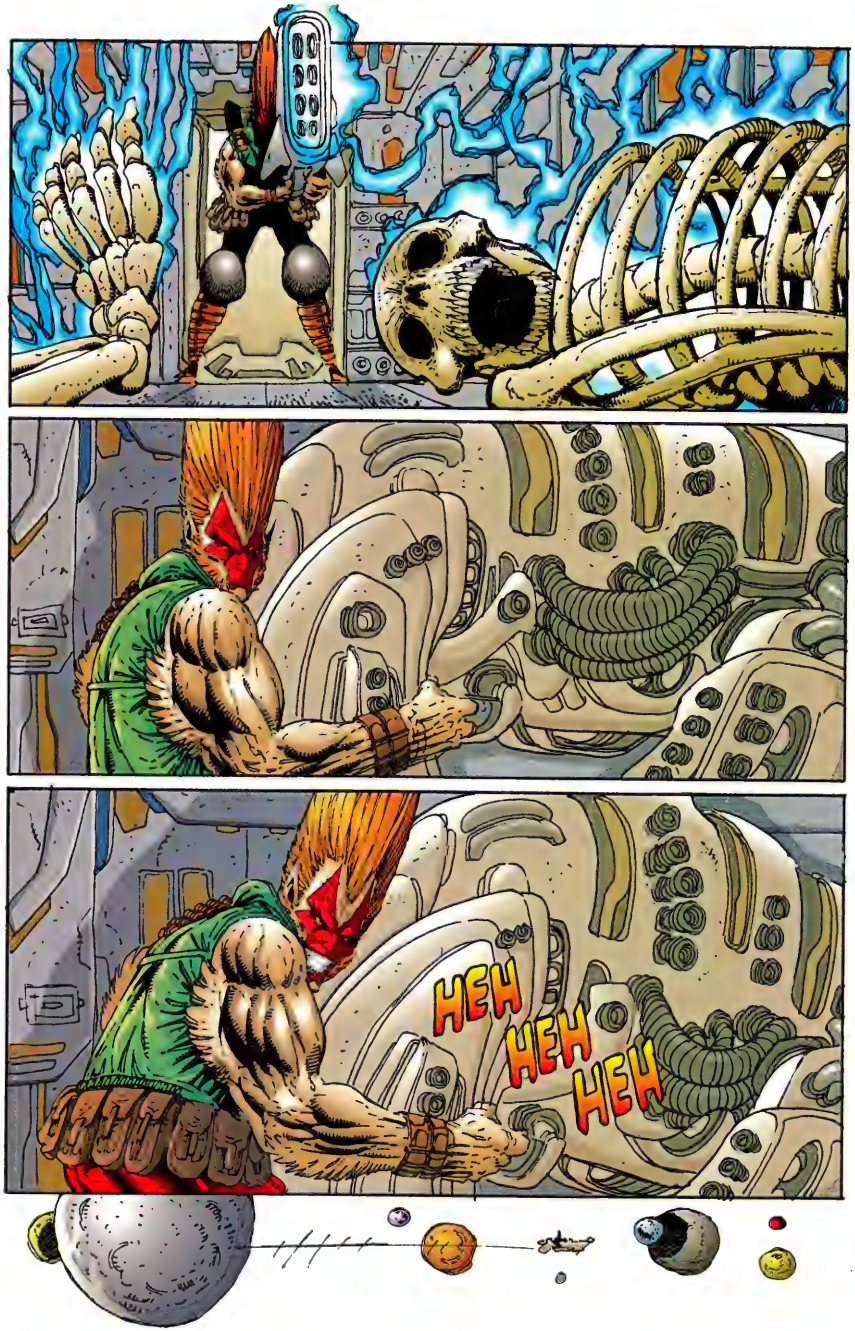
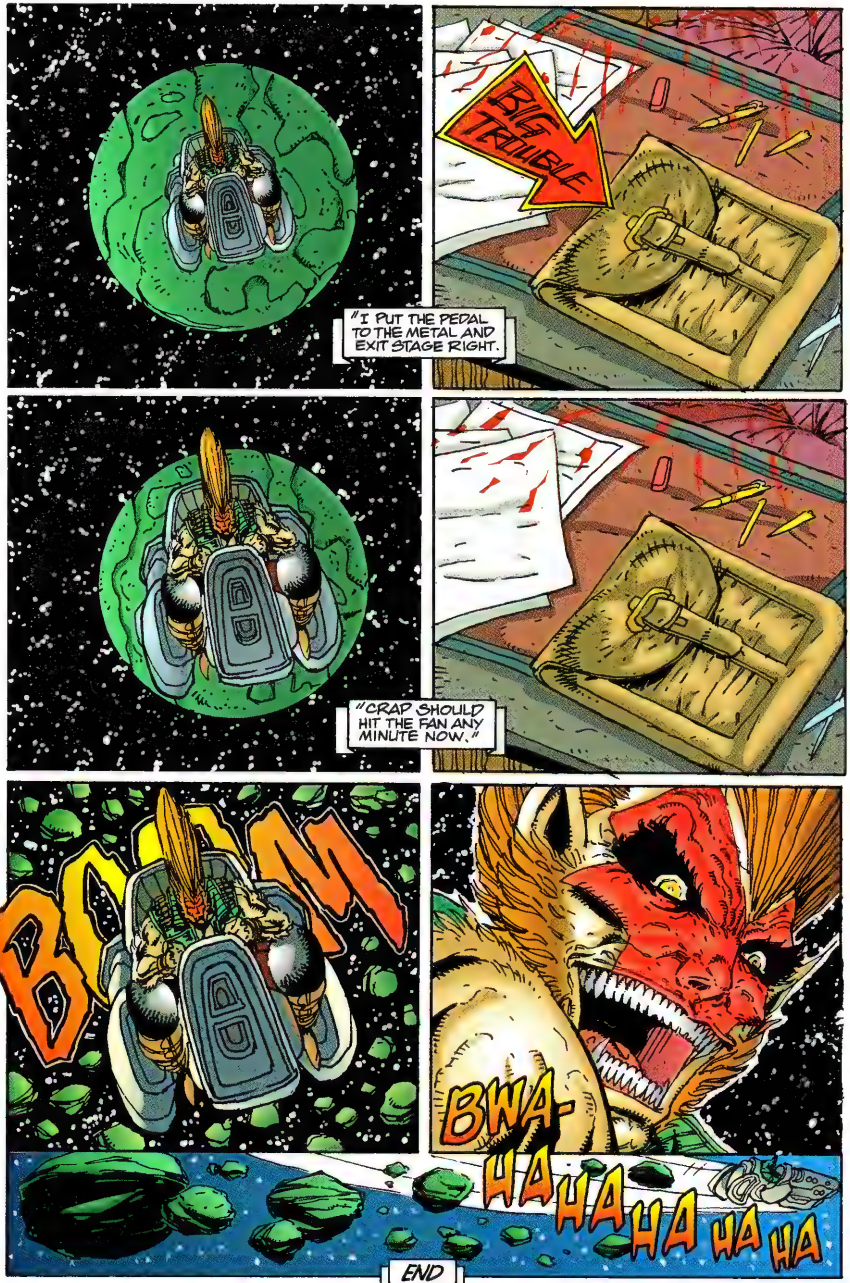

KA BLAM
SO LONG, SEYMOUR.
FIRST, I LEAVE MY SPECIAL PACKAGE ON THE DESK--
--THEN I MAKE LIKE A BANANA AND SPLIT.'
?
'FIGURE I ONLY GOT ABOUT A MINUTE BEFORE THEY'RE ONTO ME.


GET THAT GUY!!
RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!
THEY'RE ALL OVER ME LIKE STINK ON POOP!
HOLD ON, HANGAR, HERE I COME!!
ALMOST THERE...
WHOA, BOY!
FLAMIN' CARROTS!
I'M TRAPPED!
5

AWW, WHAT THE HECK.!
I'LL KILL 'EM ALL.!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!


FINALLY I MAKE IT TO MY BIKE.
MY BEST FRIEND IN THE WORLD...
...MY CONSTANT COMPANION...
...MY BUDDY, MY PAL...
...MY TICKET OUT OF HERE!
FWOOSH
Hi, FELLAS! SAY 'ELLO TO MY MY LITTLE FRIEND!
INSTANT BAR-B-QUE!


HEH
HEH
HEH


BIG TROUBLE
"I PUT THE PEDAL TO THE METAL AND EXIT STAGE RIGHT.
"CRAP SHOULD HIT THE FAN ANY MINUTE NOW."
BWA-
HA HA HA HA HA
END

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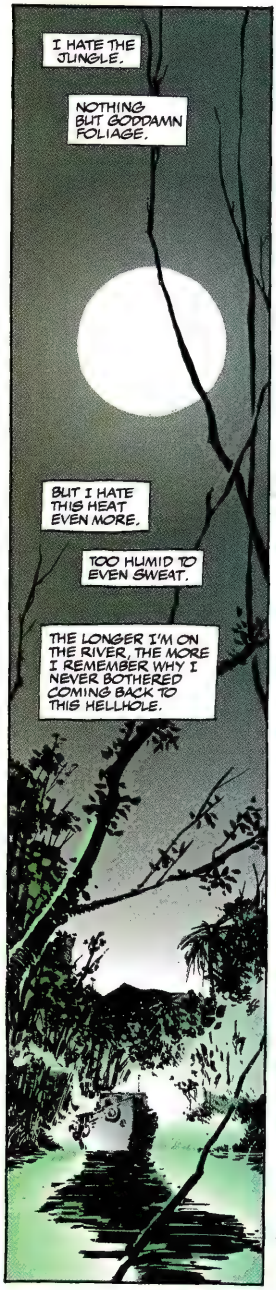
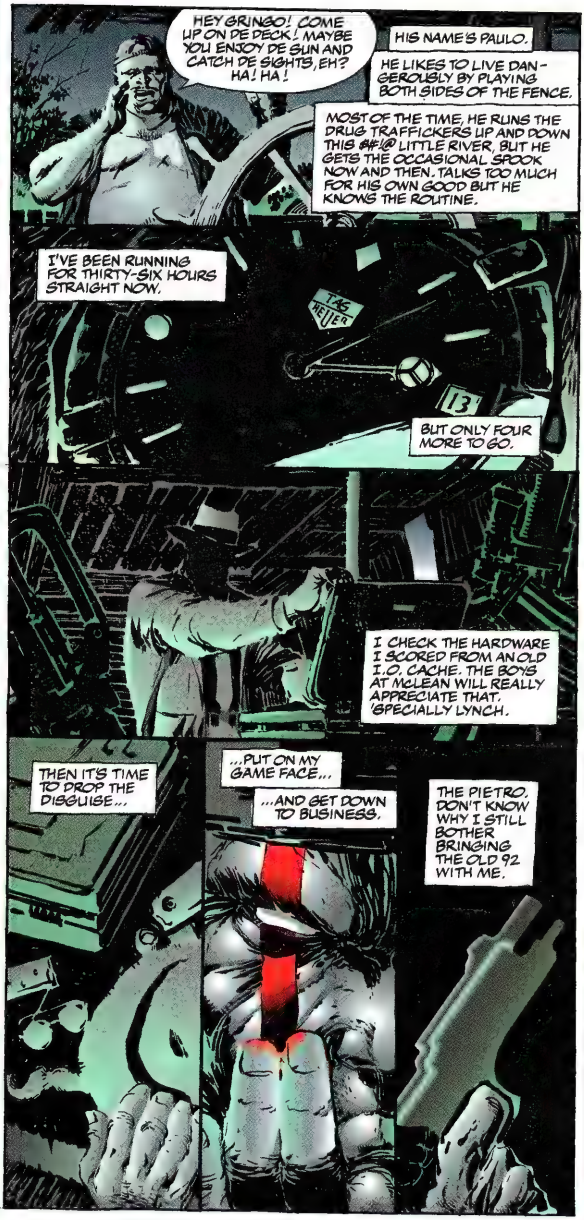
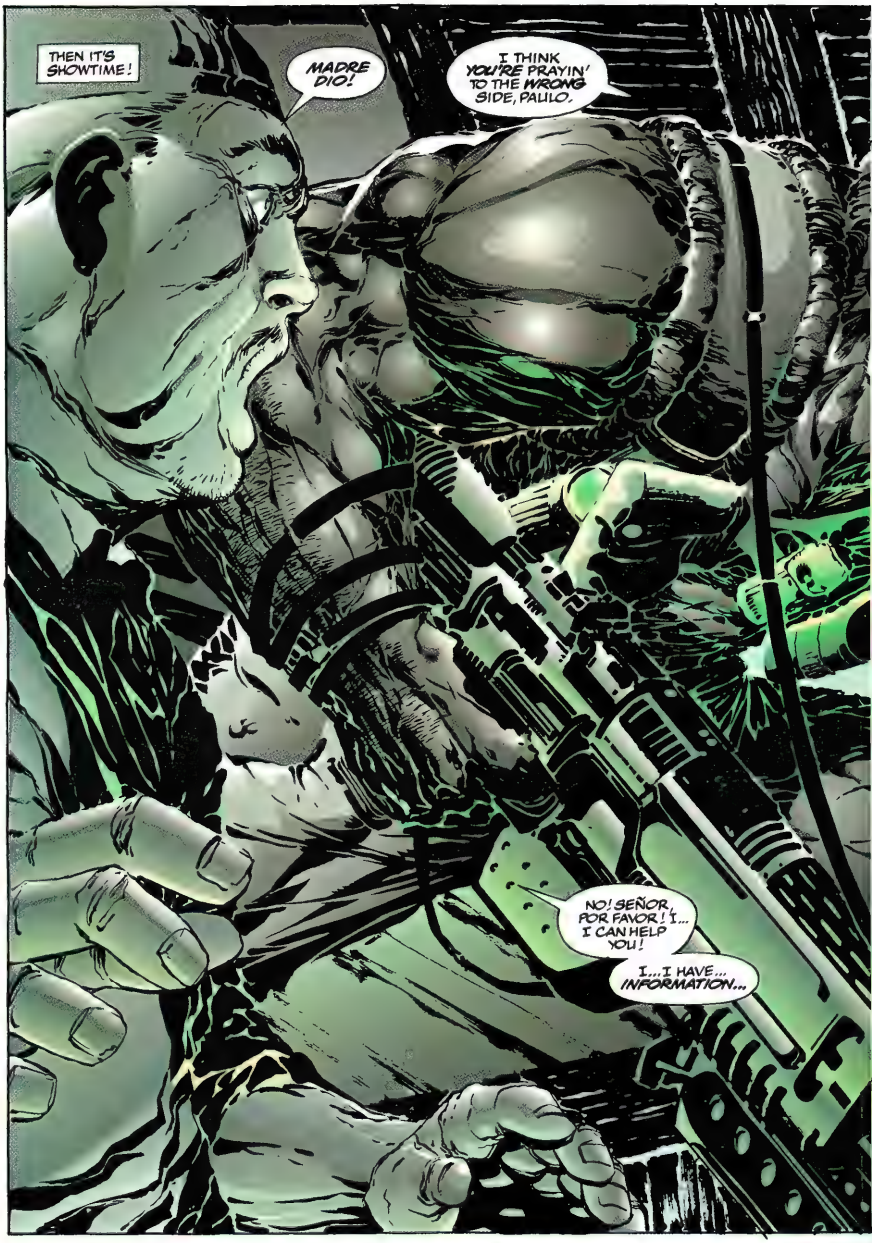
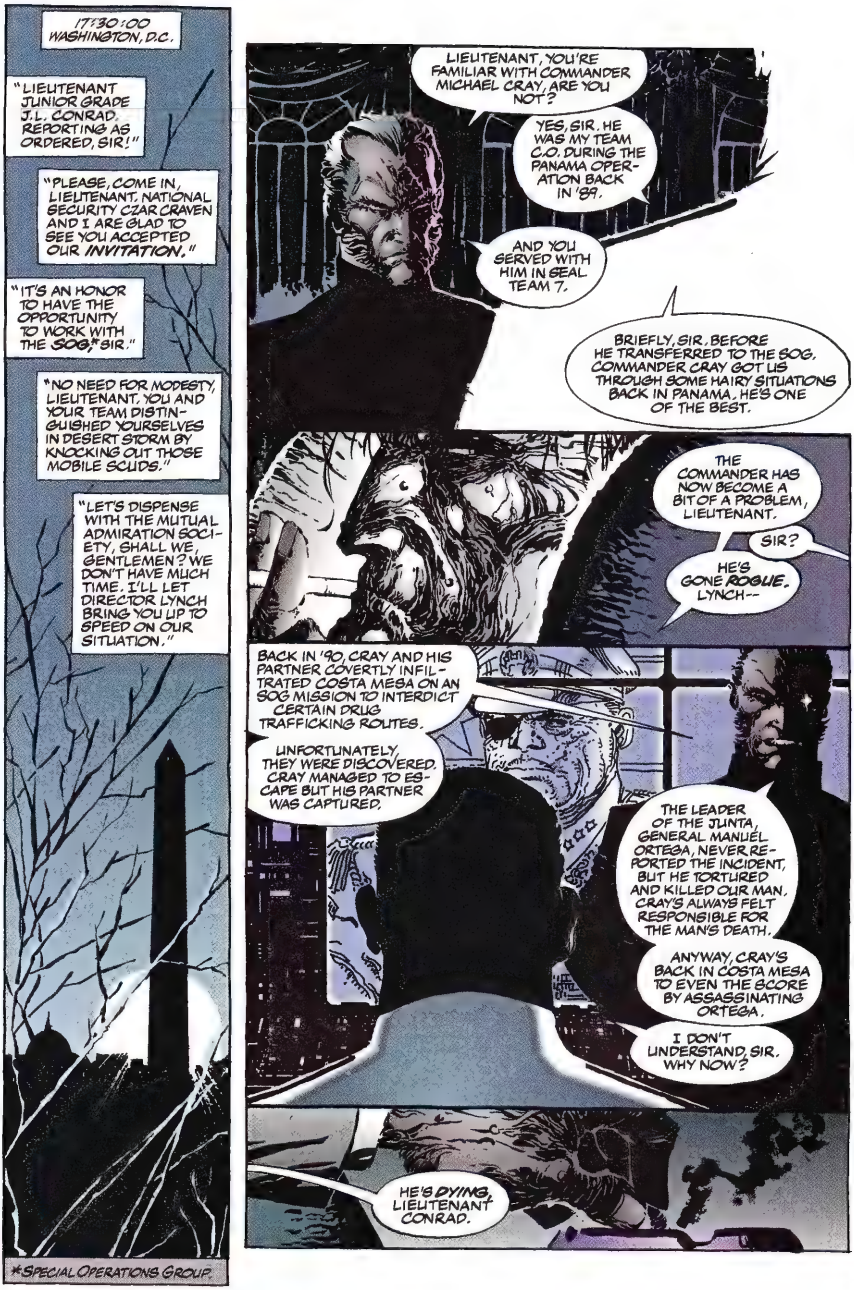

I HATE THE JUNGLE.
NOTHING BUT GODDAMN FOLIAGE.
BUT I HATE THIS HEAT EVEN MORE.
TOO HUMID TO EVEN SWEAT.
THE LONGER I'M ON THE RIVER, THE MORE I REMEMBER WHY I NEVER BOTHERED COMING BACK TO THIS HELLHOLE.


HEY GRINGO! COME UP ON DE DECK! MAYBE YOU ENJOY DE SUN AND CATCH DE SIGHTS, EH? HA! HA!
HIS NAME'S PAULO.
HE LIKES TO LIVE DANGEROUSLY BY PLAYING BOTH SIDES OF THE FENCE.
MOST OF THE TIME, HE RUNS THE DRUG TRAFFICKERS UP AND DOWN THIS &#!@ LITTLE RIVER, BUT HE GETS THE OCCASIONAL SPOOK NOW AND THEN. TALKS TOO MUCH FOR HIS OWN GOOD BUT HE KNOWS THE ROUTINE.
I'VE BEEN RUNNING FOR THIRTY-SIX HOURS STRAIGHT NOW.
BUT ONLY FOUR MORE TO GO.
I CHECK THE HARDWARE I SCORED FROM AN OLD I.O. CACHE. THE BOYS AT McLEAN WILL REALLY APPRECIATE THAT. 'SPECIALLY LYNCH.
THEN IT'S TIME TO DROP THE DISGUISE...
...PUT ON MY GAME FACE...
...AND GET DOWN TO BUSINESS.
THE PIETRO. DON'T KNOW WHY I STILL BOTHER BRINGING THE OLD 92 WITH ME.

TRY TO SLEEP BUT THERE'S NO POINT.
THE BEADS OF SWEAT ROLLING DOWN MY FACE FEEL LIKE AN ARMY OF MARCHING ANTS.
BUT THE SUN'S GOING DOWN.
JUST HAVE TO WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.
I FEEL THE ENGINES SHUT DOWN AS WE APPROACH THE DOCK.
HEY GRINGO! YOU STILL ALIVE DOWN THER---
EH?!
UH...AMIGO, WE...WE'VE ARRIVED.
I GET PAID NOW... YES?
END OF THE LINE, PAULO.
S-SEÑOR!


THEN IT'S SHOWTIME!
MADRE DIO!
I THINK YOU'RE PRAYIN' TO THE WRONG SIDE, PALILO.
NO! SEÑOR, POR FAVOR! I... I CAN HELP YOU!
I... I HAVE... INFORMATION...

LISTENING TO HIM BEG AND PLEAD, I REMEMBER WHY I BROUGHT THE PIETRO.
GOT EVERYTHING I NEED, PAULO.
BUT THANKS FOR THE RIDE.
BLAM BLAM
ALWAYS DID TALK TOO MUCH FOR HIS OWN GOOD.


17:30:00 WASHINGTON, D.C.
"LIEUTENANT JUNIOR GRADE J.L. CONRAD, REPORTING AS ORDERED, SIR!"
"PLEASE, COME IN, LIEUTENANT. NATIONAL SECURITY CZAR CRAVEN AND I ARE GLAD TO SEE YOU ACCEPTED OUR INVITATION."
"IT'S AN HONOR TO HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO WORK WITH THE SOG,* SIR."
"NO NEED FOR MODESTY, LIEUTENANT. YOU AND YOUR TEAM DISTINGUISHED YOURSELVES IN DESERT STORM BY KNOCKING OUT THOSE MOBILE SCUDS."
"LET'S DISPENSE WITH THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY, SHALL WE, GENTLEMEN? WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME. I'LL LET DIRECTOR LYNCH BRING YOU UP TO SPEED ON OUR SITUATION."
*SPECIAL OPERATIONS GROUP.
LIEUTENANT, YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH COMMANDER MICHAEL CRAY, ARE YOU NOT?
YES, SIR. HE WAS MY TEAM C.O. DURING THE PANAMA OPERATION BACK IN '89.
AND YOU SERVED WITH HIM IN SEAL TEAM 7.
BRIEFLY, SIR. BEFORE HE TRANSFERRED TO THE SOG, COMMANDER CRAY GOT US THROUGH SOME HAIRY SITUATIONS BACK IN PANAMA. HE'S ONE OF THE BEST.
THE COMMANDER HAS NOW BECOME A BIT OF A PROBLEM, LIEUTENANT.
SIR?
HE'S GONE ROGUE. LYNCH--
BACK IN '90, CRAY AND HIS PARTNER COVERTLY INFILTRATED COSTA MESA ON AN SOG MISSION TO INTERDICT CERTAIN DRUG TRAFFICKING ROUTES.
UNFORTUNATELY, THEY WERE DISCOVERED. CRAY MANAGED TO ESCAPE BUT HIS PARTNER WAS CAPTURED.
THE LEADER OF THE JUNTA, GENERAL MANUEL ORTEGA, NEVER REPORTED THE INCIDENT, BUT HE TORTURED AND KILLED OUR MAN. CRAY'S ALWAYS FELT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MAN'S DEATH.
ANYWAY, CRAY'S BACK IN COSTA MESA TO EVEN THE SCORE BY ASSASSINATING ORTEGA.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR. WHY NOW?
HE'S DYING, LIEUTENANT CONRAD.

DURING HIS LAST CHECK-UP AT BETHESDA DOCTORS DISCOVERED HE HAD TERMINAL CANCER, AN INOPERABLE BRAIN TUMOR.
PROBABLY PUSHED HIM OVER THE EDGE. WE THINK HE'S DECIDED TO GO OUT WITH A BANG AND TAKE ORTEGA WITH HIM.
WHILE HIS REGIME HAS BEEN LINKED TO THE MEDELLIN CARTEL, THE RIGHT-WING MILITARY GOVERNMENT IS STILL VITAL TO OUR NATIONAL SECURITY AS WELL AS TO OUR SCOPE OF OPERATIONS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.
IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT YOU STOP COMMANDER CRAY BEFORE HE REACHES ORTEGA.
BECAUSE OF YOUR PAST EXPERIENCE WITH HIM, YOU'LL LEAD THE STRIKE TEAM ON THIS MISSION.

DEATHMATE™

THEIR LOVE WILL END ALL TIME!

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- Jim Lee
- Rob Liefeld
- Joe Quesada
- Marc Silvestri
- Scott Williams
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- and many more!

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image

THE BIGGEST CROSS-OVER EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF COMICS!!

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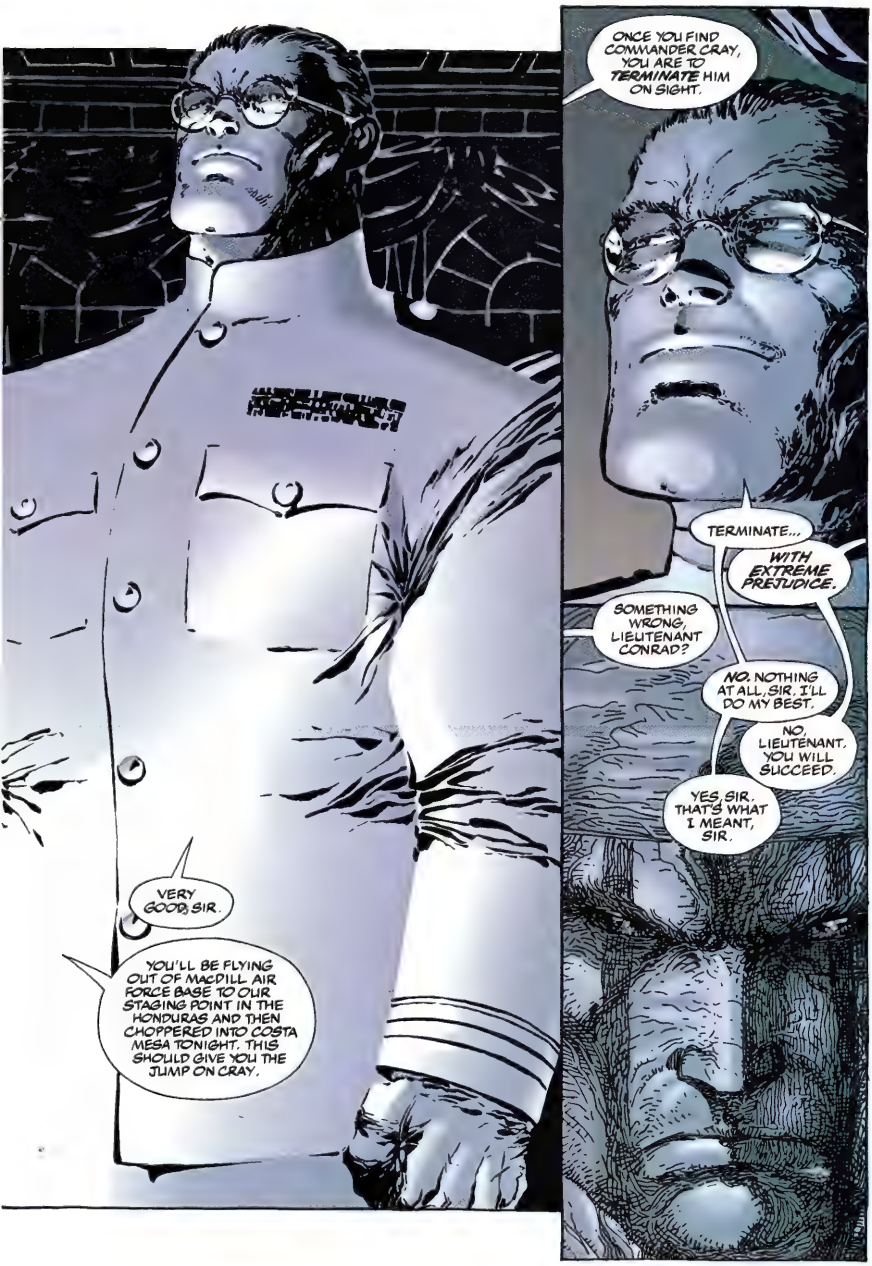
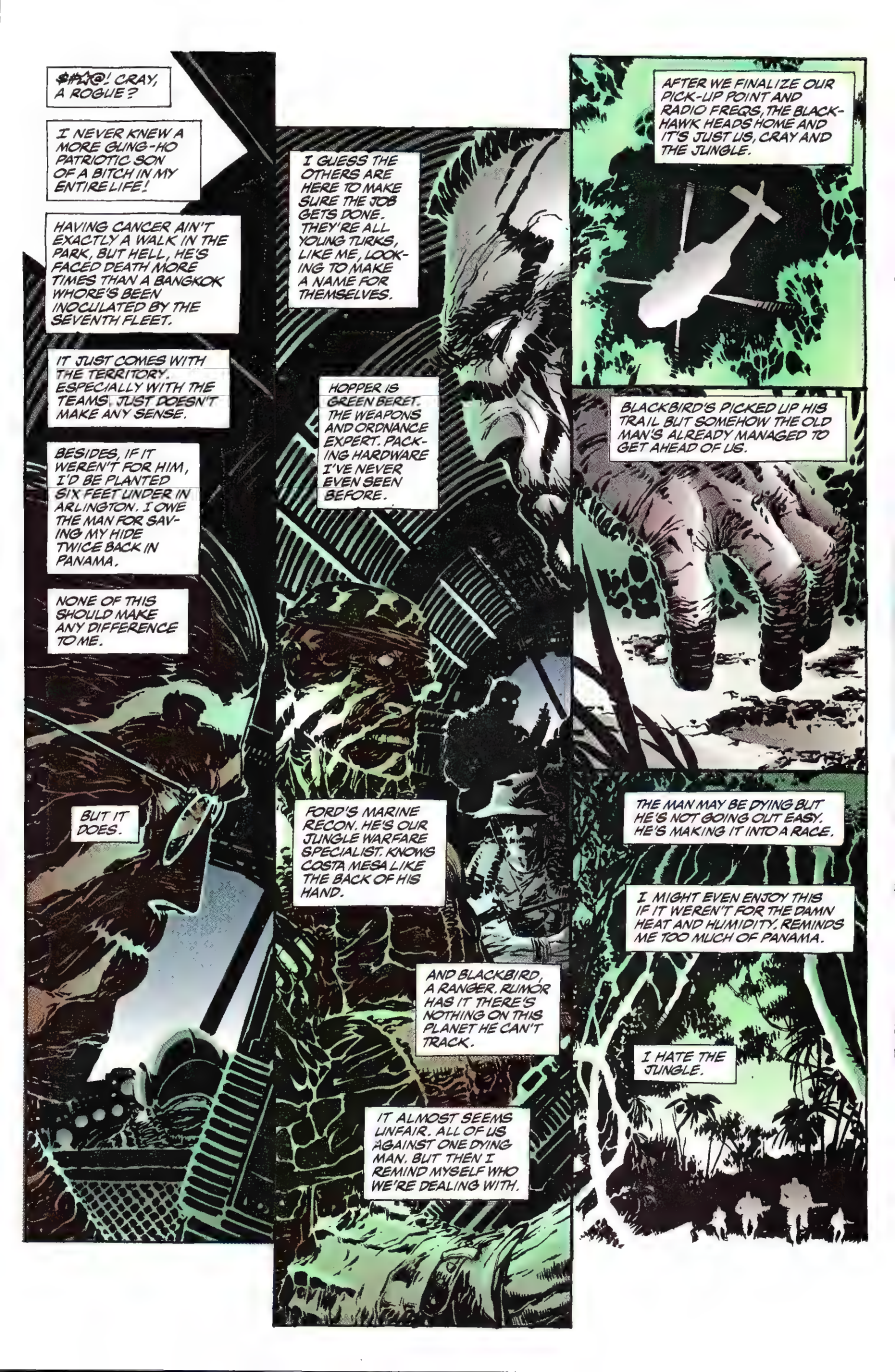

ONCE YOU FIND COMMANDER CRAY, YOU ARE TO *TERMINATE* HIM ON SIGHT.
TERMINATE...
WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE.
SOMETHING WRONG, LIEUTENANT CONRAD?
NO. NOTHING AT ALL, SIR. I'LL DO MY BEST.
NO, LIEUTENANT. YOU WILL SUCCEED.
YES, SIR. THAT'S WHAT I MEANT, SIR.
VERY GOOD, SIR.
YOU'LL BE FLYING OUT OF MACDILL AIR FORCE BASE TO OUR STAGING POINT IN THE HONDURAS AND THEN CHOPPERED INTO COSTA MESA TONIGHT. THIS SHOULD GIVE YOU THE JUMP ON CRAY.


$#%@! CRAY, A ROGUE?
I NEVER KNEW A MORE GUNG-HO PATRIOTIC SON OF A BITCH IN MY ENTIRE LIFE!
HAVING CANCER AIN'T EXACTLY A WALK IN THE PARK, BUT HELL, HE'S FACED DEATH MORE TIMES THAN A BANGKOK WHORE'S BEEN INOCULATED BY THE SEVENTH FLEET.
IT JUST COMES WITH THE TERRITORY. ESPECIALLY WITH THE TEAMS. JUST DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.
BESIDES, IF IT WEREN'T FOR HIM, I'D BE PLANTED SIX FEET UNDER IN ARLINGTON. I OWE THE MAN FOR SAVING MY HIDE TWICE BACK IN PANAMA.
NONE OF THIS SHOULD MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO ME.
BUT IT DOES.
I GUESS THE OTHERS ARE HERE TO MAKE SURE THE JOB GETS DONE. THEY'RE ALL YOUNG TURKS, LIKE ME, LOOKING TO MAKE A NAME FOR THEMSELVES.
HOPPER IS GREEN BERET. THE WEAPONS AND ORDNANCE EXPERT. PACKING HARDWARE I'VE NEVER EVEN SEEN BEFORE.
FORD'S MARINE RECON. HE'S OUR JUNGLE WARFARE SPECIALIST. KNOWS COSTA MESA LIKE THE BACK OF HIS HAND.
AND BLACKBIRD, A RANGER. RUMOR HAS IT THERE'S NOTHING ON THIS PLANET HE CAN'T TRACK.
IT ALMOST SEEMS UNFAIR. ALL OF US AGAINST ONE DYING MAN. BUT THEN I REMIND MYSELF WHO WE'RE DEALING WITH.
AFTER WE FINALIZE OUR PICK-UP POINT AND RADIO FREQS, THE BLACKHAWK HEADS HOME AND IT'S JUST US, CRAY AND THE JUNGLE.
BLACKBIRD'S PICKED UP HIS TRAIL. BUT SOMEHOW THE OLD MAN'S ALREADY MANAGED TO GET AHEAD OF US.
THE MAN MAY BE DYING BUT HE'S NOT GOING OUT EASY. HE'S MAKING IT INTO A RACE.
I MIGHT EVEN ENJOY THIS IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE DAMN HEAT AND HUMIDITY. REMINDS ME TOO MUCH OF PANAMA.
I HATE THE JUNGLE.

TO BE CONTINUED

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SCOTT CLARK • TREVOR SCOTT

THE BIGGEST BY THE BEST

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